

Good 773 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HOWARD JOHNS
Says that plans are afoot to make our seaside resorts all round the coast centres of the fishing industry and to train schoolboys for this career with a big future.



Cook Arthur Hazelgrove—It's Question Time at First Avenue

THERE was a great deal of excitement at 76, First Avenue, Lancing, Sussex, when we called there, Cook Arthur Hazelgrove, and it wasn't because of our visit, either.

All the folk were home, and were busily engaged in eliminating a swarm of flying ants that had chosen the garden path as a suitable landing strip.

You will notice the various means employed to exterminate the pests by your mother and sisters and the eagerness with which your nephew Peter and his friends Michael and Maureen tackled the problem.

Mrs. Reynolds had gone to London for the day to see about sailing tickets for a proposed holiday to Ireland and, consequently, Michael and his sister found a temporary berth at Number 76.

We were lucky to find your mother and sisters at home because they are still working—with the exception of Queenie, who stays home to guard the fort—but we happened to choose a Wednesday afternoon, so all was well.

Young Peter is very well again now, and we can assure you that his "Question Time," which is apparently a permanent session, is as formidable as ever.

He told us that you have been away so long, he is beginning to feel he hasn't got an Uncle Arthur any more, but as long as he has questions to ask and books to be read to him he will remember that you are the one who performs these duties best.

For this purpose the armchair in the dining room is quite ready to receive you, Arthur,

although when you hear that Peter wants you to play cricket, that Michael wants you to teach him to swim and that Maureen, in true feminine fashion, wants to parade her new red frock for you, it seems unlikely that you will get down to that armchair so soon.

Keeping to his habit of exercising his enquiring mind, Peter is going on holiday to the Kent hopfields to find out just where this stuff he hears so much about comes from.

The rest of the family, however, especially the two Winnies, are content to take it at its face value with no enquiries made. They are looking forward to accompanying you to "Farmer's Hotel" to watch you play darts, and although they do admire your skill, of course, they like better to toast your success with the pints you win.

On the return journey from the "Corner House" or "Farmer's Hotel," you will be quite able to find your way because your mother told us that the lights are now back again at Lancing. That lamp-post on the corner is still there, too, and Mum said it is awaiting you and Paddie and the long talks you used to have together.

Johnny Richardson is another of your pals who has returned home, and your mother said he is looking very fit. He hopes to be stationed in England now and looks forward to seeing you some time soon.

The Luxor and the Regal are still very much in commission, and everyone at No. 76, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds from next door, and even Judy, the Scottie, hope you will be enjoying Lancing again soon, sending you the best of wishes in the meantime.

Stop Press: U.S. Civil War Ends

I DARESAY you thought the whole of North America (except, of course, Canada) was in the United States. So did I until the other day—and so, I'll bet, did most Americans.

No, sir! When the South gave in at the end of the Civil War, back in the 'sixties, Dade but in the very State of New County—part of Georgia State York.

They had one supporter—in the North, itself. Not only that, but in the very State of New County—part of Georgia State York.

When the Yankees declared war with the Southerners, Townline's 125 voters passed a resolution condemning the North's action, refused to

fight, and, in fact, left the Union.

A short time ago, Dade County decided to give up the unequal struggle and join the rest of the United States. This put Townline in an awkward position.

Its citizens didn't want to carry the rebellion entirely on their own shoulders, so they decided to line up, too.

"If Georgia feels the war's over," they said, "so do we." So now the U.S.A. has one war finally off its hands.

D. N. K. B.

FISH WILL JOIN THE THREE R's

THERE is something about a fishing trawler that interests old and young alike. Many a young fellow who has been at sea for the past six years has learnt to be more than just "interested" in trawlers. Would like to follow an open-air life as a fisherman when the world returns to normal. That is, if fishing offers a steady income.

In the past many would-be fishermen have noted how the fishing industry seemed to have left the smaller ports for the most part and concentrated upon the "fishing areas" such as Grimsby. Many young men do not want to live in this area—so what?

The answer is that there may well be a big revival in the fishing industry around our coast during the next ten years, especially as many people have ideas about developing the cannery industry in this country.

It is hardly remembered now that popular seaside resorts, such as Ramsgate and Broadstairs, were once thriving fishing ports. Charles Dickens wrote of Broadstairs as one of the neatest fishing ports in the country, while Ramsgate was one of the centres of the deep-sea trawling industry until the last war. Most of her great fleet was sunk while on active service, and between the two wars she never had a chance to recover.

But Ramsgate, like many other ports, will, I feel certain, for those who look to the sea as a means of earning a living.

In peace-time Britain had about 1,800 trawlers putting to sea every week. They em-

ployed aboard some 40,000 men, who each year brought

back to these islands fish estimated to be worth £15,000,000.

To-day, after six years of

plan to go in for fishing, using enforced rest, the trawlers of

Ramsgate as a base. Good Britain are once again oper-

luck to them—but they will be

operating in the 20,000 square

miles of the North Sea, with a cod and plaice yielding excellent returns.

All over Britain to-day

numerous Sea Fisheries Com-

mittees, composed of repre-

sentatives of local authorities

and fishing interests, are

planning schemes to train

boys and young men who

look to the sea for a career.

Especially does this apply to

inshoremen fishermen—those

who catch sole, plaice, lobsters

and crabs—for the deep-sea

fishermen have their junior

and senior technical schools in

the big ports. Here youths

and men with ambitions to be

come skippers and officers

aboard trawlers take courses.

Discussing this scheme for

local inshoremen fishermen a

short time ago, Mr. Percy Idle,

chairman of the Sussex Sea

Fisheries, said: "Sussex edu-

cation authorities have ex-

pressed their willingness to

help start courses in this part

of England. We hope, after

the war, boys will be able to

start their training as fisher-

men in the elementary schools

at seaside towns, and that there

will be special classes in tech-

nical schools on the coast where

fishermen can take refresher

courses.

"We hope to provide in-

struction in navigation, tides,

seamanship and signalling

gear and fitting, rope work

and principles of fishing, fish

life, and handling and pre-

serving fish."

Which is very encouraging

for those who look to the sea

as a means of earning a living.

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USELESS EUSTACE



age, that skippers can pick up about £1,400 a year, although—and it's important to stress this fact—the fluctuation of the markets and weather conditions play a most important part.

Fishermen earn every penny they receive, for no one can dispute the fact that their calling, even in peace-time, calls for constant fights against the elements, and possible death.

The developments that have taken place in trawlers since the war—super-models cost up to £30,000 in 1938—plus the numerous scientific aids to the fishing industry, should assure it of a good future in Britain.

One has only to spend a few days among trawlers to appreciate that they have brains—and know how to use them!



Calling A.B. Ellingham

MOTHER says "Yes." This is the grand message Miss Alice Keath sends from 37 Greenford Road, Pottery Bank Estate, St. Anthony's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to A.B. Laurie Ellingham.

Curled up in a chair at

home after finishing her day's

work at Parsons', nursing

"Darkie," newly adopted

lucky black cat, Alice shyly

told the "Good Morning" re-

porter and cameraman that

Mrs. Keath has now given

her consent to an official en-

gagement.

"Mother said I was too young when Laurie and I first wanted to become engaged, but she knows now that we are made for each other. And the next leave he gets we are to be officially engaged."

So here's a new order for

you, Laurie! Alice wants an

engagement ring, five-stone,

and you have to bring it with

you and slip it on her finger,

third left hand, in case you're

not sure of the correct order,

just as soon as you can make

Tynesside!!



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood . . ."

The address, Sailor, is :
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

The Padre who was a Gum Spy

GREGORIO let loose a great kept calling to the peons. "Find balatas the marks of the gum. When he saw Old Bludsoe he would not have lived until to-night."

for the troughs, followed by the shall suffer! Do I have enemies scars showing where the trees had here? Who has broken into my been tapped for the gum.

The troughs were situated just troughs of molasses?"

behind the store, and when the Yet everyone protested that Jose seekers, who were so eager to gain down on the stool which the padre crowd of peons and forest men had no enemies, and that the clay supplies that they killed the trees to offered him. A fire of logs was forests, Balata?"

reached the spot they sent up a wail which covered the molasses must drain them quickly, without a burning in the wide, open hearth.

have been dry and broken with the thought of the terrible havoc they were Bludsoe looked for a long time into

the flames before he spoke.

The covers on the top were heat. But Jose was not content working. He ran to and fro, examining the spoiled the molasses. But what made the destruction utterly impossible of repair was the number less insects which were eating up save his molasses, which he knew he could not save.

Long lines of ants, red, black, brown ants, were marching from the forest up the sides of the troughs. The place was swarming with them.

Old Bludsoe stood watching the expressions of despair which were dark jungle.

on the faces of the peons and the For several miles he kept on, then hunters, and he became sad for he left the trail and entered the their sakes. Jose Gregorio was like woods, cutting his way onward. a man possessed.

The loss of his molasses represented much to him. It was the down by gum-gatherers many difference between profit and loss. years previously. They lay almost covered with thick jungle growth such as springs up rapidly in the

"Someone has done this!" he tropics. On the trunks of the

Part 2 of Plain and Unvarnished

In a few days they undid the "Padre," he said at last, "let us slow growth of centuries, and it bargain."

was because of this destructive greed that the balata was becoming "I am willing, Balata Bludsoe."

Bludsoe felt all the true woods- man's affection for the fallen trees. He patted their stems as a horse- man pats his favourite horse, passing from one prone giant to the next

"It is easy to see. You forbid He continued his way for several hours, until he broke out at the edge of a deep ravine. Far below him the river wound its roaring

"This thing, that if you cease

looking, then he turned and re- traced his trail to the camp. It was evening when he came within our other padre would have done."

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Wangling Words No. 711

1. Behead shipshape and get an edge.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: That-anadeaodelaoth.
3. What word of six letters, meaning to "ask," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The honey-bee is one of the — kinds of —.

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 710

1. G-RATE.
2. Seven species of horses exist.
3. 16; namely 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 19, 20, 25, 29, 50, 55, 59, 90, 95, 99.
4. Hounds, unshod.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Balata Bludsoe walked on into the gloom.

The old hunter's thoughts were troubled. He knew that this spy gum spies. The knife is in your stay for. There is nothing I need night, Jose, on an important third day, but I shall not wait for safe?"

"It is safe in the shed, Balata. rum. There was only one reason

fiesta in spite of that padre. You It was to make sure that there see these long lines of figures, would be no rum to treat snake-bite or fever, so that the hunters

we owe to him for the small good and forest men would forsake the

he has brought us. We must pay place, and then he could come in

these debts before he will bless the and claim the site

Nevertheless, Bludsoe had obtained a promise, and if only he could get rid of him he would tell the truth to Jose later, and they could make their plans to keep the spy and his men off the land.

(To be continued).



"Pardon me, sir, are you expecting someone?"

Pawnbroker: "I can't give more than a pound on your fiddle."

Musician: "What! Only a pound? Why, the neighbours have offered me two to stop playing."

Kathryn Grayson

SINGING in the rain and singing in the sun-shine is the way diminutive Kathryn Grayson travels through life.

She just can't stop singing, and thousands wouldn't want her to.

Some day she wants to star at the Metropolitan Opera House, but meanwhile she is quite happy making pictures for M.-G.-M. Her latest one is "Anchors Aweigh," in which she stars with Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly.

Kathryn's real name is Zelma Hedrick, and she hails from North Carolina, but most of her childhood was spent at St. Louis.

She got her chance to sing for films when she was discovered singing on Eddie Cantor's Radio programme.

Among Kathryn's pet likes are housekeeping (including washing down walls and windows), walking—though she dislikes formal exercising—and designing her own clothes.

She is reported never to fuss about her appearance, but then, if she is anything like the way we see her, she doesn't need to.

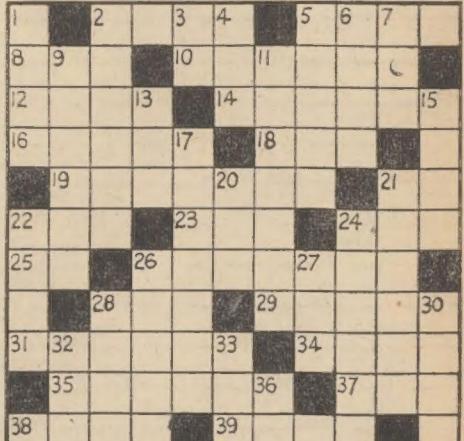
Her winsome features, hazel eyes and rich brown hair, together with her very pleasing manner have achieved for her an acclamation of a different kind than is usually accorded to movie stars.

Her favourite expression is one of resignation—"Well, that's life . . ."

Cathryn Rose

SPECIAL	LOB
WEAR	SUPINE
ARSON	GEM
NEW	RICK
NIL	PIRATES
T	CAVILD
REGALES	SET
OMIT	REST
A	LEG
LEG	NOOSE
CHERUB	FLUE
HIS	MARTENS

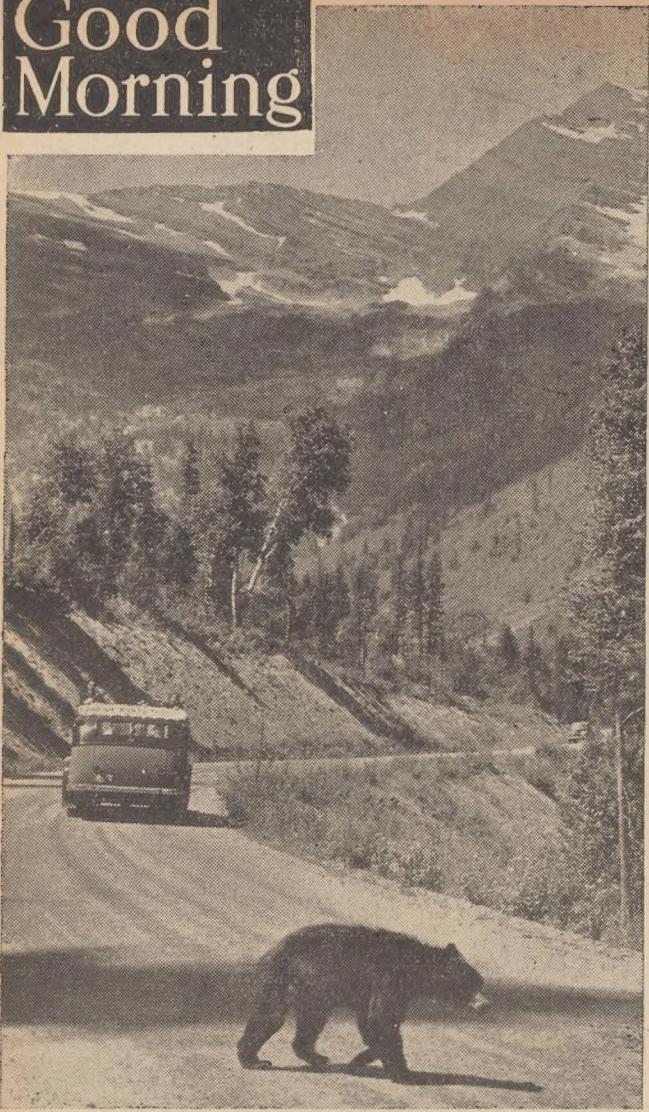
CROSS-WORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.—2 Diver-
sion. 5 Talk carelessly. 8 Girl's
name. 10 Reproduce. 12 Dress
material. 14 Profuse. 16 Fish.
18 Colour. 19 Reasonable. 21
Short hour. 22 Bird. 23 Delved.
24 Preserve. 25 Pronoun. 26
Shifting. 28 Neuralgia. 29
Admirable. 31 Striped cloth. 34
Deal. 35 Compel. 37 Weight.
38 Short county. 39 Electrical
units.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Headland.
2 Measure. 3 Male title. 4
Fish. 5 Slope. 6 Deposited. 7
War girls. 9 Colour. 11 Model
of excellence. 13 Cask. 15 Hurt.
17 Motor-cycle addition. 20
With. 21 Shoot to dogs. 22
Suggestion. 24 Bodice frills. 26
Observances. 27 Promise. 28
Walked. 30 Girl's name. 32
Card. 33 Corporal. 36 Word of
inquiry.

Good Morning



THIS BEARS LOOKING AT.

Without a doubt that's the worst pun ever perpetrated on this page. (We're sorry: The Editor). The brown bear is one of the original inhabitants of the Glacier National Park in America—and he rather resents the coach-load of trippers.



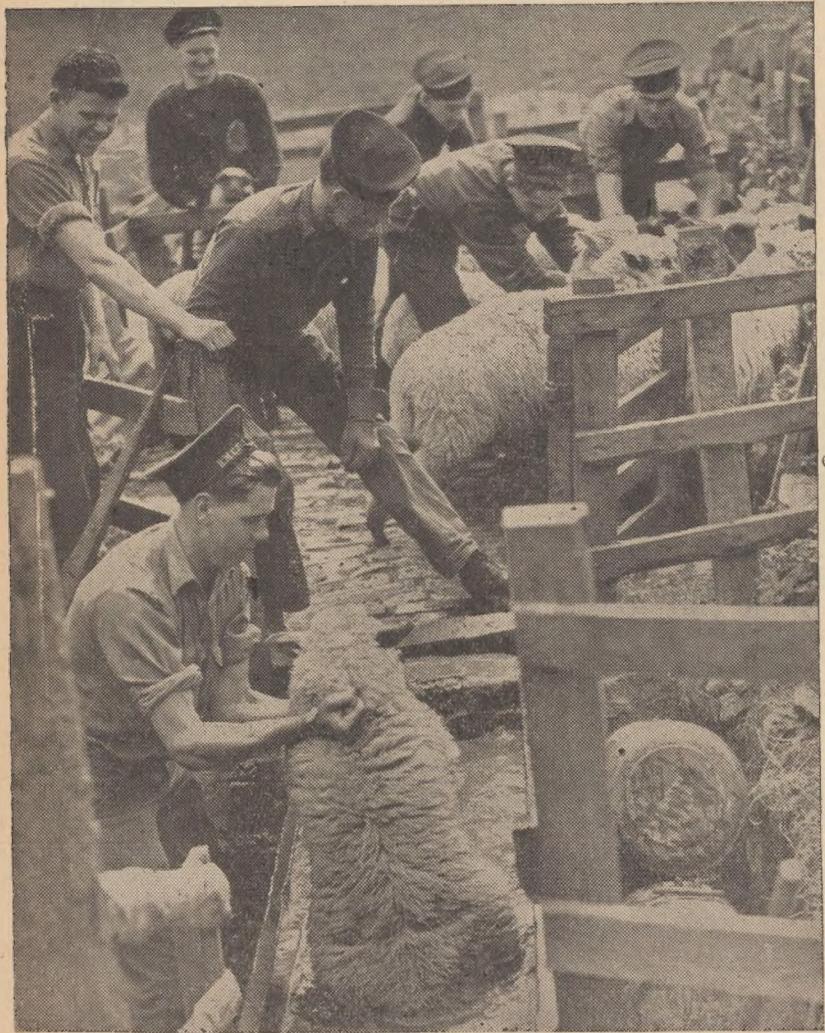
CABARET TURN MIDST BUTTER-CUPS AND DAISIES.

Why anyone in their senses should want to put on white tie and tails and hurl his partner about in the middle of a meadow—completely escapes us. But we will say that the sun's rays glinting on the torso of said partner gives us ideas that are not exactly truly rural.



SCHOOL GIRL.

Why anyone with a gleam in her eye as wicked as Mary Best's should need to go to a "School for Brides" is a nut to crack. Anyway, we think it's a safe bet to say that Mary will come out top of the class!



THE OLD LILY-WHITE FIRM?

When a Canadian destroyer put into port, the lads gave the local farmer a hand with his sheep-dipping. It happened at a farm at Hexham, Northumberland. Many of the sailors were old hands at farmwork—having lived down on the farm back home across the Atlantic.



SAILOR BEWARE OF THE CLIP-JOINT.

A clip-joint—in case you're in any doubt about the matter—is not a barber's shop. It's a joint, or a dive, where the lassies are expert in getting poor sailor men to spend their hard-earned cash on alcoholic refreshment—as if a sailor ever needed any persuasion!